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ally Sloper's Half Holiday

BEING A SELECTION, SIDE-SPLITTING, SENTIMENTAL, AND SERIOUS, FOR THE BENEFIT OF OLD BOYS, YOUNG BOYS, ODD BOYS GENERALLY, AND EVEN GIRLS.

Vol. III.—No. 106.]

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1886.

[ONE PENNY.]



POOR PA ON HOME RULE.

"A most unpleasant incident, my dear, occurred the other morning at home, while Poor Pa was arguing the question of Home Rule with Mr. Patrick Flannagan O'Flaherty, one of the Irish Members whom Papa recently met in the House of Commons. Poor Ma feels hurt, and is very much bruised."—TOOTSIE.

SPRING! GENTLE SPRING!!



1. A slight mistake on the part of Cousin Evelina. 2. Alexandry "had a little lamb, with wool as white as snow"; but its views were utterly different to "Mary's Lamb." 3. "In early spring Bill Higgins's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

MISS BLANDY'S YOUNG MAN.

THE Duchess of Gérolstein doted on the military, and the same has been the case with young ladies and their serving maids time out of mind; and thus it was a matter of one hundred and thirty odd years ago with the Town Clerk's daughter at Henley-on-Thames.

Mr. and Mrs. Blandy were very fond of their daughter, and were anxious to get her a good husband, with which view they led people to believe that Mary was an heiress. Among her suitors was one Captain Cranstoun who was an especial favourite of father, mother, and daughter, and whose acquaintance they had made at the house of a neighbour, his relative, Lord Mark Kerr. The captain is described as of thirty-six years of age, and "possessed of some talents that generally take with the fair sex—that is, a genteel behaviour, complaisance, and polite flattery. That he was a perfect master of the art of courtship, is evident by his being capable of making an impression on the heart of a lady who was remarkable for the excellence of her understanding, and who could not but see the despicable figure her lover made—diminutive in his stature, disfigured by the small-pox to such a degree that his face appeared in seams, bleary-eyed, and of mean appearance."

But he was a gallant officer and wore a uniform, and was of noble birth, and you may be sure that as he stood at the door of the "Red Lion," making eyes and ogling the passers-by, more than one woman's heart gently fluttered.

Mary, we are told, though no beauty, possessed "the best accomplishments of her sex," and "she was agreeable, and her conversation engaging," and she fell over head and ears in love with the captain.

This being so, why should not the marriage have taken place? Alas, there was a little difficulty—the captain had already a wife and children in Scotland.

Well, what think you, under these circumstances, the captain did? Give Miss Mary up? Not a bit of it. He told her he was charged with being married to another woman, the validity of which ceremony was to be tried, and he asked her if she would wait till the affair was determined. She replied, "If my papa and mamma will approve of my staying for you, I readily consent."

The terms of this surprising betrothal reached the ears of Lord Mark Kerr, who immediately informed Mr. Blandy of it. Mr. Blandy at once spoke to his daughter and the captain, when the latter declared that he had "entered into an idle contract with a girl in Scotland, but that he was never legally married, and could easily set it aside." The mother and daughter believed his story, and readily consented that he should desert the other woman and her children.

Meanwhile, the Captain, after cudgelling his brains, wrote a letter to his wife, in which he said:—

"Having no other way of rising to preferment than the army, I have but little ground to expect advancement there so long as it is known that I am encumbered with a wife and family; but could I once pass for a single man, I have not the least doubt of being quickly preferred, which would procure me a sufficiency to maintain you as well as myself in a genteel manner than I now am able to do. All, therefore, I have to request of you is that you will transcribe the enclosed copy of a letter, wherein you disown me for a husband. Put your maiden name to it, and send it to me by the post. All the use I shall make of it will be to procure my advancement, which will necessarily include your own benefit. In full assurance that you will comply with my request, I remain, your most affectionate husband,"

W. H. CRANSTOWN.

As soon as he obtained the paper he wanted, the "affectionate husband" sent copies of it to his wife's and his own relations, the result of which was that they turned their backs on the unfortunate woman, and she was reduced almost to starvation. Cranstoun then commenced an action to nullify his marriage—an act of folly which led to his wife's producing the letter quoted above and the copy in his handwriting of the letters he had written. The Court gave a verdict against the Captain, who, however, appealed to the next sessions.

By this time, Miss Blandy's mother having died, the father began to show great distrust of, and dislike to, his guest, and was at last so rude to him he was compelled to take up his hat and go.

Previous to this, however, he strove to the utmost, though without success, to induce Miss Blandy to cohabit with him until he obtained a divorce. Before he went, he complained to her of her father's behaviour, and said he was resolved on regaining his affection, for which purpose he would send her some powders to be administered to the old man according to directions, and by their aid his love would be recovered. Also, to avoid suspicion, he would write on them "Powder to clean Scotch pebbles."

Mary gave her father the powder, as described last week, the old man died, and she was hanged. Cranstoun escaped to Flanders, where he turned Roman Catholic, and upon his death a solemn mass was held at his funeral, and the magistrates and Corporation followed his body to the grave.

Yet once again silence reigned around, and the two brightly beautiful boys leant back to think.

"Alexandry," murmured the senior of the two (his name was William Higgins, but they called him Blood-glutted Bill for shortness), "he was a rum un, wasn't he?"

"Proper," said his companion. "It seems, though, when there's a chap and a gal on the job, the gal always cops it."

"That's as it should be," William responded. "Gals are such fools." (A creeper next week.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their queries—particularly the queerest; but all questions put to the Editor, or to any member of "THE FAMILY," will be answered in due course.

W. L. MITCHELL (Camberwell, S.E.)—Your sketch is very clever, and we are sorry we cannot use it.—E. MASTERS (Rusholme, Manchester).—Regret we have no room for your sketch.—MR. GILLARD.—The Boy Sloper thanks you heartily for your present of a china mug, which has already found a place amongst the "Sloperian Relics."—H. H. N.—ALLY thinks your sketch of his world-renowned face is exceedingly good.—F. J. HADLOW (Battersea).—Thank you, but the Eminent doesn't care much about blood-curdling verse; he likes something sweet—something all about love and kisses.—C. A.—Your sketches are declined with thanks.—"A LOVER OF SLOPER" (Hackney).—The Britannia is the larger of the two.—BISM HARBORNE.—The Eminent thanks you for the penny, but it is too large an amount to expend wholly on an umbrella; he intends to buy a carriage and pair with the remainder.—ANON.—Your lines, "See the fresh and coming year," are declined with thanks.—PLAYGOER (Manchester).—We are glad you think so highly of Mr. Charles Collette's abilities, as the Eminent is of the same opinion.

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And the "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" will be given for the best eight-line verse on Home Rule—the all-important subject of the day. Each line to begin with one of the letters, in the order of those placed hereunder:—

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Mr. Patrick Flanagan O'Flaherty, of Irish extraction, who is now on a visit at "THE SLOPERIES," has kindly consented to act as judge. So please address all communications to

MR. O'FLAHERTY,

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* The List will close THIS DAY, SATURDAY, MAY 8TH.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

If one organ-grinder were to fight with another, and in the course of the struggle their two organs were to be broken into pieces—and would to heaven they all were!—and a stranger were to come down the street after the tussle, would he (the stranger) not discover what might be fairly termed "organic remains?"



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.

No. 106.—The "Academy" Costume.



Dressing for one of A. SLOPER'S famous Plain and Fancy Dress Balls at West Kensington Hall.



The old rascal deserves a good "wiggling." He is going to pass off these luxuriant locks as his own hair when he goes courting.



Old Gent. What's up, Cobby? Cobby. Why, this 'ere 'oss' 'all soon be down—that's what's up.



"Now, then, Jack, do put your hat on straight, and take your hands out of your pocket, here comes a policeman."



"Does My Lord Bishop approve of the ballet? If he doesn't, one does—which his name is ALLEY."—ALEXANDRY.

YET another time-honoured belief, yet another cherished theory scattered to the winds. Faith, if ever such there were, in the axiom "there's nothing like leather," must now give up the ghost. America has just produced a material said to be just like leather, only more so, in the composition of which not a particle of hide or skin is employed. Old sails, cordage, and other like scraps, ground up to a pulp and pressed into sheets, like paper, form the basis of the new substance, which is called "leather-board," and it is said can be used for boots and shoes as well as the genuine article. Whether the sons of Crispin can be kidded into this employment of the substitute remains, however, to be seen. The new article has the merit of cheapness; enough for a pair of boots can be bought for a tanner. This, of course, will kip it in the market for a time.

TIGHT lacing, according to medical and other testimony, is most injurious, if not downright wicked. On the other hand, somebody ought to say something in its favour, inasmuch as those young ladies who are guilty of the folly are likely to make good housewives, because, don't you see? they won't allow much waist (waste—ahem!)

Sowing—with ev'ry breath,
Seeds of a welcome death.

Burning—with speed through life's
Ending, unequal strife.

Tackling—by hunger bid,
Nails in a coffin lid.

Cutting—the golden thread;
Bartering life for bread.

Death! canst thou triumph feel?—
Dance, then, a cotton reel!

BOSWELL and Johnson were returning from a visit they had paid to Lord—. "Sir," said Boswell, "how is it that scholars are frequently seen at the houses of the rich, but that the wealthy are hardly ever met with at the abodes of scholars?" "Sir, you are a fool!" growled the Doctor. "It is as simple as the fifth proposition of Euclid. The wise are acquainted with the value of wealth, but the rich do not always know the value of wisdom."

THE "frog's march" is one of the most illegal and atrocious tortures that are still winked at by the eye of the law. Victims who undergo the "frog's march" agony, are doubtless rather tiresome, and may be sometimes violent characters; but this is no justification for brutal and dangerous torture being inflicted on them, before conviction. From what we have seen, we can hardly imagine the ancient rack to have been a more severe punishment than the "frog's march." As a rule, the prisoner who undergoes this unlawful torment is carried along, face downwards, by four constables; one securing each arm, one grasping each leg. Usually an officer attends on either side of the culprit, and attends to his sides by giving him frequent kicks or digs about the ribs. When ever the police become tired and need a rest, they drop their burden suddenly on the pavement, and pick him up at leisure. This method of conveying prisoners to cool, sweet-smelling cells has, until lately, been applied to male prisoners only. The distinction of committing the "frog's march" outrage upon a woman was reserved for the Cardiff police.

For the life of me, really, I cannot see why
A husband should scowl at his wife flitting by,
And "threading the mazy," as Dick Swiveller said;
If he's jealous, the best place for him is his bed.

No trust in the queen of his home—in his wife,
Means no pleasure for him, or for her, in this life;
Let him stay at home, and to club tastes not pander—
What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

If his modesty's wounded at seeing her waist
Encircled by arms which are not to his taste,
Let him think of the garter the countess let drop,
And its motto to all such ideas put a stop.

Of advice to all husbands one word I advance—
If your wife does her duty at home, let her dance:
Don't be selfish and cross in her hours of leisure,
When you wish it, she'll give up her dancing with pleasure.

SOME experiments have been tried lately with a view to improving Cape wine. There is certainly plenty of room for improvement. Cape wine has been the cause of many an impecunious family man being cut off with a shilling by a rich, childless relative who has visited him, and been induced to imbibe a glassful of the terrible fluid. Cape wine has a deal to answer for; far, far more than tinned oysters, even.

A MUSCULAR virago has escaped with the trivial fine of ten shillings for having severely caned the head mistress of a Board School. The mistress had previously lightly spanked this vicious female's son for gross misbehaviour. Hence the savage assault. Either corporal punishment must be abolished in Board Schools, or imprisonment without the option of a fine must be inflicted on those ignorant parents who assault teachers out of revenge for the just chastigation administered to their delinquent youngsters.

THERE are brains—and brains. The toughest cerebral apparatus we have ever heard of was possessed by a simple London clerk. This gentleman's brain, feeling that it was a legitimate curiosity, prompted its owner to fire a bullet into it a few months ago. The shock upset the clerk for some little time—in fact, he was removed to an hospital unconscious;—however, he soon recovered, and the bullet, which remained in his brain, did not cause him the slightest inconvenience. Very few alligators would feel thoroughly at ease so circumstanced. He succumbed, however, a week or two back.

THOMPSON has a cosy dinner,
With his wife and bairns, at seven,
Ah, for me, poor lonely sinner,
That would be a glimpse of heaven.
But old Todger's stale refection,
Every day at half-past one,
Has no claim on my affection,
And I'm glad when it is done!

Dainty fingers—yes, I know it,
(Bitterest envy racks my soul!)
Press the "bird's-eye," as they stow it,
Dettly in his meerschbaum bowl;
Then, by those bewitching digits,
Is a match applied, I wis,
While with Thompson's hair she fidgets,
Till she gets her wonted kiss!

SOME medical treatises must be dangerously charged with poison. An unlucky man, who had been bitten by a mad dog, recently died in Guy's Hospital of hydrophobia. According to a surgical opinion, he greatly assisted his decease by reading works on this dread complaint. If the doctor's view is correct, some class of literature may yet be found which will act as an antidote to hydrophobia. Might we suggest temperance tracts, which try to inculcate an inordinate love of water, as a preventative?

SEVERAL women have recently been convicted for selling drink unlicensed. In one case, the defendant, when the officers knocked at her door, went to bed, and put bottles of whisky under her. On the officers entering her bedroom she betrayed herself by causing the bottles in the bed to shake. In the case of another defendant, the officer said her dress was fitted with pockets to hold bottles, and these were discovered by her sitting down on one and breaking it, the "L.L." thereby really being wasted.

TOOTSIE AT THE PRINCE OF WALESERIES.

Of course we were all there at South Kensington—very much there, indeed, more especially Poor Pa, who, as usual, made himself singularly and particularly conspicuous—and I really do think the Queen would almost have preferred to have gone round the building on somebody else's arm (everybody does stare to that extent at Poor Pa); besides, he knocks about so with his umbrella.



HER MAJESTY and ALLY received with enthusiasm.

The Prince was particularly nice with me. He says this is to be the best show there has yet been, and that it was all his own idea. He is charmed with Papa's Exhibits.

I said, "Albert, your ideas are all good."
He said, "So are yours, Tootsie. Bar Bob."
That Bob was there, of course, pushing himself forward. He can never see when he's not wanted. The Dook and Billy, in their ordinary impoverished condition, and awfully hungry, hovered around and borrowed a shilling of me till Saturday (when the Dook receives his rents), on condition they took away Bob, and lost him at the other end of the building.
Billy I saw later on going in for buns and ginger beer with his sixpence. The Dook had a sponge cake, a glass of stout, and a twopenny smoke.



Tootsie and Albert Edward in "The SLOPER Section."

Billy seems to grow fatter and fatter. No turnstile fits him now. Coming in, the police had to lift him over.

The place looks prettier this year, and there are some delightfully lovely things to look at, such tapestries and carpets, and the courts in the centre aisle are beautiful. There are some Indian toys that are awfully jolly. As yet, of course, a lot has to be finished; but there is heaps to see.

Old London is still on view, and there is a splendid Indian Palace.

If there is fine weather, you may be pretty certain there will be big crowds again up at South Kensington, and the giddy-mind-d will thither flock to take tea in the arbours, and otherwise while away the hour.



More trouble with Billy at the turnstiles.

The Kensington show combines instruction with amusement. Ma stayed at home, being busy.
Of course Poor Pa will escort the Queen to Liverpool, where I believe very elaborate arrangements are being made for their reception.

THE WALTZ OF THE SEASON!!! COMPOSED BY CHARLES GODFREY, BANDMASTER OF THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS, ALLY SLOPER'S WALTZ, FOR THE PIANO, TWO PENNY; Post-free, 8d.

In answer to numerous requests, A. SLOPER, (Royal Academy of Music) has got his friend, Mr. CHARLES GODFREY, to arrange his Waltz for Brass and String Bands. The separate scores for both will be ready shortly, and will be forwarded (free of charge) to any Bandmaster, Professional, or Amateur, on application to

"THE BANDMASTER,"
"THE SLOPER,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

HOME PHYSICS.

THAT nature works in cycles, we've
Learned, most of us, at school,
And some can even examples give
To illustrate the rule.
In vapour from the fields ascend
The fallen dews and rain,
In alternation without end
Duly to fall again.
To nourish frames, which turn to clay,
The fruits of Mother Earth
The same revolving laws obey,
And from that day take birth.
Yet one more of such instances,
Which we might quote by scores—
We know that doors are made from trees,
And trees grow out of doors!

THE VOCAL PATRIOT.

"Mr. MARMADUKE MARS, the Great Patriotic Singer, will appear at this Hall Nightly." So ran the announcements in newspaper and on poster.

From fourpenny gallery to two shilling stalls how this hero of the hour was worshipped! When the chairman, removing the fat cigar from his lips, proclaimed that "Mr. Marmaduke Mars, the Vocal Patriot, would appear next, ladies and gentlemen," the shouts of applause could only be exceeded by the perfect yells of rapture, as, to the opening bars of stirring melody, he came—nay, marched down to the front of the stage, his gleaming shirt-front covering his spacious breast like unto the cuirass of the warriors of old, and waved a gracious salutation to his friends in front with hand gauntleted in kid, from the little finger of which bulged from beneath a massy ring of paste of the first water.

How the hearts would throb, and how the drinking cups, from the lordly glass to the lowly pewter, would clash loud approbation when our hero, with voice like unto the brazen notes of the war trumpet, carolled forth a psalm (of which we give a verse with chorus) to the martial accompaniment of piano, violin, and piccolo:—

Let politicians do their worst
To drag down his the mire
Hour hushon Jack, or standard too,
Well show them we can wire
Hin, hand keep hup hour good name,
Hand fear not war's halarms,
Has Hinglishmen 'ave done before,
With cry, "To harms! to harms!"

CHORUS.

Then hup, chaps, hup,
For hour sweet arts hand hour wives!
Hup, chaps, hup,
We'll dearly sell hour lives!
Well show them what they'll git,
Hand 'ow 'ard we still can it,
Hif they battempt to land hon 'appy Hingland!

Why, it is a fact that while he, after his turn, would be graciously taking something at the bar at the expense of admiring youth, said admiring youth, would scan the silken lapels of his dress-coat, almost expecting a Victoria Cross to burst forth thereon.

And then when war was declared with some foreign nation or another, and an invasion was even threatened and expected, and everybody—regulars, irregulars, reserves, militia, volunteers—were called out, where was Marmaduke Mars, our hero? Was he to the fore? Was he in the van? Was he leading a forlorn hope, or filling a breach somewhere? or, terrible though grand to think of, lay he 'neath a heap of fallen foe of his own killing?

No, he was not; but he was 'neath the bed in his own little room, trembling lest he should be called out too.

How little some of our great men are understood!

MORE MATRIMONY.

A GAY Gallic widower advertised in a French newspaper for a wife. He stated that he was a handsome and accomplished gentleman possessing thirty thousand francs, and most desirous of marrying a single lady, or a widow with a small fortune. Sure enough, he hooked a plump well-to-do widow. After a very short but sweet courtship the wedding day was fixed in a business-like way, and the lady revealed the amount of her fortune—some twenty-five thousand francs. "Where do you bank it, my angel?" whispered the amorous widower. "I keep it at my lodgings, my dearest little Cupid," warbled the confiding widow. Then he scolded her gently for being so reckless, and invited her to spend the next day with him in the country. A very pleasant little excursion they had, but after dinner the widow was taken suddenly ill, and was obliged to retire to bed at the country inn for the night. The widower expressed great concern, and after commending his future bride to the care of the good landlady, he retired, took train to Paris, visited the widow's rooms, secured her small fortune, and vanished. Had the scamp played this trick on a spinster, in all probability he would have escaped; but a widow is not so easy to escape from. This ill-used lady swore revenge with a terrible swear, and tracked the thievish deceiver down with the astuteness and pertinacity of a Red Indian. The widow did not recover her stolen money, yet, she had the grim satisfaction of hearing the widower sentenced to twelve years' hard labour.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

£1:1:0 and the "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" has been presented to

H. WEST HARRAP, 1, Rymer Street, Herne Hill, S.E.,

For the best Eight-line Verse Celebrating the

SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF

"ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY"

(Printed hereunder).

WHY?

24TH APRIL, 1886.

WHAT means this sound of revelry at night?
What means this mirth, that shaketh ev'ry rafter?
Why is poor ALLY SLOPER awfully tight?
And why does Billy shake his sides with laughter?
Why do Lord Bob and Tootsie beam with glee?
Why are the British public such joy showing?
Why, all because "A. SLOPER'S HALF," you see,
Is two years old to-day, and still a-growing.

SIMPLE SERAPHINA.

Her name was Seraphina. She was generally called Simple Seraphina. Her godfathers and godmothers gave her the name of Seraphina because, as she lay in her dainty little cradle, masticating a pink coral with silver bells, and fixing her wonderful wide blue



Ardent young Etonians.

eyes on eternal space, she seemed a being so different from the hard, prosaic, bitter world about her, that they thought that any name to suit her must be descriptive of something angelic.

When the beautiful baby grew into a more beautiful child, they called her Simple Seraphina. And she was so winning! had a heart so kind!

Even at this age she

had lovers: she was so winning, so lovable. Ardent young Etonians, on the brink of their teens, threw themselves madly at her feet, imploring her to listen to the voice of Love, and fly.

As the rosebuds blossom into roses, so in time this lovely child burst into the glory of maidenhood at seventeen summers. Her simplicity increased with her beauty. She could not understand how young men could be so foolish as to gamble. Just out of curiosity, and in pure simplicity, she would let them take tickets for her in lotteries, to put her name in sweepstake, and now and then she would, just for experiment, take a hand at cards, half-crown points. Of course ladies' losses never count, and it was absolutely bewitching to mark the childish pleasure with which, when some one on her behalf had backed a lucky number, horse, or card, she took the winnings.

"My poor pensioners will be so glad," she used to say. And then the simplicity which was her leading trait would cause her to quite forget them, dear little soul, and the "plunder" would be absorbed in trinkets, gloves, or bonnets.

This interest in worldly weaknesses was shown in many ways. If a play had escaped the Lord Chamberlain's veto just by the skin of its teeth, you would be sure to see Seraphina once or twice in the stalls.

But, with all her childish naivete, her bitterest enemy (she had none save in her own sex) could never accuse Seraphina of imprudence. When Captain Blewchase, after their second waltz, spoke in the conservatory of settling down and becoming a decent member of society, she instantly requested him to take her to her mamma. But Seraphina's heart was good withal. When old Fullacash, the wealthy alderman, plumped himself on his knees at her feet, and offered his "art and and," she was so touched by his kindness and affection, that although he had buried three wives and was older than her own grandfather, Seraphina accepted him.

Three months later, when Fullacash's grown-up sons and daughters by his previous wives left that home which had been theirs from birth, Cousin Jack, on hearing the news, banged his fist on the club smoking-room table, and swore—he was not particular, Cousin Jack—that that woman hadn't her ditto at any distance.

And Seraphina discovered that her poor dear husband, so engrossed in making money in that horrid City, had denied himself many of the delights which make life worth living. He had hitherto been too secluded, too far outside the pale of the social circle. "It was our duty," said Seraphina, "to mix with our neighbours, to make them happy and to be happy ourselves." So she persuaded Fullacash to buy her a b'jow house in Park Lane and a box at the opera; and by her pretty ways she induced a great Academician to exhibit her portrait at Burlington House. Her sweet baby-face shone, too, from the walls of the Grosvenor Gallery—a pleasant relief to the quaint Greek maidens grey, from intense casals. Her name appeared in society pars., she was well known at the Orleans Club, at Ascot, Sandown, and Goodwood; in short, simple Seraphina became quite an important figure in the haut monde.

She did all this at first, entered into all these frivolities, just for the sake of her poor dear husband, to draw him out—not for herself, she was too prone to self-denial. But ere long she found that after all, Fullacash was right, these frivolities did not suit him—the wheel of fashion bored him; so with a few wistful, mournful sighs, that made her piquante fair face more bewildering still, Seraphina told him she was prepared, bitter as was the task, to deny herself the happiness of his society at such places.

"After all," she said, "the City suits him best—he is happy there. As for me, I must bear my trials like everybody else, and must go to balls, and garden parties, and races, and regattas, without him."

Poor Seraphina! Her wedded bliss had scarcely lasted a twelve-month when her poor dear husband fell down a flight of stairs, which, by some unaccountable fatality, were found to be greased. Day by day, and night by night, she nursed her poor sick husband.

Alas! one

night, worn out by sleepless watching, the poor simple young thing took up a bottle of liniment intended for outward application, and administered it in place of the dose which was ordered to be taken every fourth hour.

Poor Seraphina! the fair hair bound beneath the widow's cap, the blue unfathomable eyes brimming with tears, she seemed the very embodiment of grief; and when the will was read, and it was discovered that Fullacash, revoking all previous wills, had cut off all his children with a shilling apiece, and had left the residue of his estate, real and personal, to his dear wife Seraphina, whom he appointed executrix, the tears burst forth afresh, and the poor widow's bosom heaved with sobs.

Simple Seraphina!



Her simplicity increased with her beauty.



MAY.

In May comes in the merry Spring, when oft one does a foolish thing.

"Gracious! Are you very wet?"



SELFISHNESS ON EASTER MONDAY.

Dryman (who has patiently stalked Brown, his particular friend, this last twenty minutes). I say! Give us a drink, old boy! Brown. With pleasure. By Jove, though, you're one of the enemy! I can't. [Empty flask—and you know how scarce liquor was that day.]



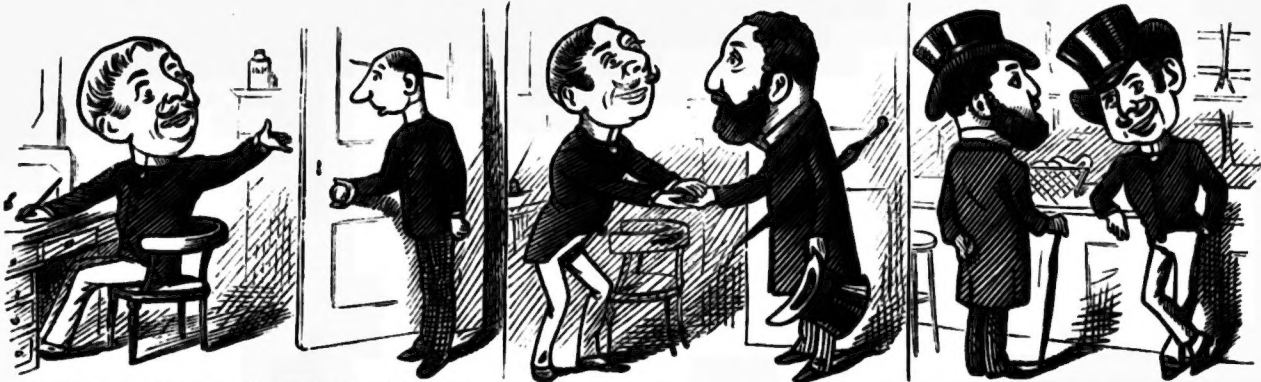
BEAUTIFULS OF THE DAY—ALSO NIGHT.
"Their photos are in all the shop windows."



JENNY.

"'Twas a lovely summer day. Beyond the yellow corn-fields stretched the blue sea. 'Oh, what an afternoon!' cried Jenny, joyously. 'I feel so happy!' 'Sweet Jenny!' this from Billair. At that moment the grinning face of Boosey Ben rose above the heads of wheat. 'O'll tell thy mother when of gits whoam, lass,' chuckled he. 'Beast!' bellowed Billair. But Boosey Ben had bolted."—Extract from Latest Novel.

BUYERS AND SELLERS.



1. Smith is commercial, and is getting on famously. His best customers are the firm of Jones & Co., which is second only to Robinson Bros., who, as every one knows, is at the top of the tree, so when his head and only clerk announces Mr. Brown, buyer to Jones & Co., it is only natural that he should exclaim, "Well, don't keep Mr. Brown waiting; show him in."

2. "Ah, my dear Mr. Brown," cries Smith, anticipating a good order, "how are you? I was just going out to have a bottle of sparkling. Come, you must join me." "You're very kind, but—" "Not at all; I insist."

3. On arriving at the wine bar, says Smith, "Well, how is Jones?" "Artful fellow Smith—wants to get at business, you see."



4. "Oh, didn't I tell you?" replies Brown; "I've left Jones, you know." "Dad, no!" cries Smith; "you surprise me. Dear, dear! Well, what shall we have? Two whiskies and soda split, eh?" "No, thanks," says Brown, "seldom take spirits of a morning."



5. "Well, old man," says Smith, "have a glass of history?" "I never drink beer," replies Brown, to which says Smith, "Don't go. You will! Well, I must be getting back. I hope you will hear of something soon." "Oh!" cries Brown, "didn't I tell you I was buyer for Robinson now! Good bye!"



6. When Smith returns to his office, the head and only clerk, on asking if he may go out to lunch, suffers somewhat.



NOTHING IN THE POUND.

Income-Tax Collector. Do you mean to say that you are insolvent? D-fiant Party. I lo. Income-Tax Collector. Then all I've got to say is, you're the fattest insolvent I ever saw.



PAY THE PIPER.

"Look here, you know, you mayn't loiter about with a 'SLOPER PIPE' in your mouth—it causes an obstruction, and is against the act."



Nellie advertised in "TOOTSIN'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," and is busy writing the first love-letter, in reply to 67 answers.



THAT FATAL BEAUTY.

Mr. Puffie, who is to be the wicked Earl of Rochester in the forthcoming private theatricals, may be here observed practising a smile in the solitude of his bed-chamber.



"One of the latest 'fads' amongst ladies of quality is to make pets of ugly little black boys and to feed them on jam."—Tottie Goodenough's Fashionable Intelligence.



Arthur's picture has been accepted at the Academy, but he won't tell his Leonora. Instead, he artfully contrives to send her on there an hour in advance, and feels sure when he arrives he will find her in raptures before the great work. On the contrary, she had not yet looked at anything, but was waiting for him in the refreshment room.



A "Tootsie" suggestion for the "Colonialeries."

ANOTHER BURMESE SCARE; OR THE LAIRD'S LITTLE JOKE.



1. The Elder was somewhat surprised, on his return from the Kirk Session, to see this philosopher coming for him. "Hes is cum tae this," said he; "paur auld Skotlan' invaded by the Burmese!"



2. "Tak that, ye ill-ol'd brute." The "Shorter" has been too much for many a good man, and so it proved now.



3. "Scotchmen mak' bad butcher meat," said the Elder, as he hurried away.



4. To try the effect of the pump.



5. Much to the amusement of the Muckle Laird, who was enjoying it all from a distance.



6. But the appearance of McSwine (slightly armed)—who had "gathered"—caused Tammie McParrich to roar out, "Dinna kill me, Swine, it was the Muckle Laird made me do it, tae frichten the Elder."



7. Meanwhile the clans had gathered, so they gave the Muckle Laird and Tammie a triumphal ride round the parish, to their great enjoyment.



PROOF POSITIVE.

SCENE—Tipperary.

Mistress. Well, I would ask the Master to employ you again, only I heard you are still addicted to drinking and fighting.
Tim Doolin. Is it me, Mam? Bedad, I'm as la'cent as a raal born infant. Look at me hat, Mam, that I have now going on three months, an' shure, if I dhruink or "wheeled" a flittier in id, id wouldn't be left on me head in half that time; troth it wouldn't, Mam.



OLD NOSEY.

"Now, why shouldn't I assist future generations in acquiring a knowledge of nineteenth century articles?" said Mr. Nosey. He again looked round the room. There was nothing there later than the Saxon period. He felt in his pockets, and produced a half-sovereign and a brace-button. "The very thing for Sloper's Relics!" he exclaimed, and went into the garden to bury them.



BOOKING FOR THE COLONIAL EXHIBITION.

"Now then old lady, toddle! We don't work this line on the block system."



GOT WELL OVER IT.

SCENE—Charing Cross Station.

Young Blossum. Ha, Pippy, my boy, how are you? (Pippy has just returned from a month at Hastings)
Pippy. Oh, I'm all right now, but I was jolly queer before I went away. I got that thin that you really wouldn't hardly have known me.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

ALLY understands that the Eastern frontier line between China and Burmah has been satisfactorily arranged, and hopes are entertained that an agreement will very shortly be arrived at with regard to the north-eastern boundary. The probability is that the Taeping River will be accepted as the frontier line, leaving Bhamo just inside the British territory. This, I daresay, is very interesting to somebody or other, but nobody round the neighbourhood of the Dogs' Home knows any more where the Taeping River is than the man in the moon, who perhaps may. Having asked at all the pubs, still open, and been chucked at

the last, the Head of this journal gives it up.

Some statements of unusual interest bearing upon the question of the water supply of the metropolis, were recently made at the meeting of the City Commission of Sewers. It was mentioned by one of the members of the Commission that the firm to which he belonged had spent between £5,000 and £8,000 in sinking a well in their works in the City; the result being that they had now a supply of water enabling them to do entirely without the New River supply. He expressed a hope that "the day would come when the Commission would be able to deal with the water companies' great monopoly on something like equal terms." Dr. Sedgwick Saunders, the medical officer of health, observed that he knew several wells in the City where the water was of the purest description. A well had been sunk at an hotel near Blackfriars Bridge, where the supply exceeded a million gallons a day. At a depth of 1,200 ft. or 2,000 ft. a most ample supply of pure water could be obtained.

The performances shortly to be given at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, of the *Tale of Troy* and the *story of Orestes* afford one more indication of the ardour with which the fashionable world seizes upon any opportunity of becoming amateur votaries of Thespis, and also of the enduring hold upon the interest and imagination of mankind of the oldest plots and incidents known to literature. The important capitals of Berlin and Vienna have within the last few days witnessed kindred spectacles. In the former, the scenes illustrated were for the most part of a semi-sacred character, and the rôles were filled by the most distinguished members of the Junker aristocracy. In Vienna, as in London, classical fables were invoked to form the basis of the representation; but on the banks of the Danube, as on those of the Spree, the actors and actresses belonged to the noblest families of the land. Invitations for *The Family* have just arrived, and all those whose evening clothes are at liberty will put in an appearance.

Mr. THOMAS THORNE, of the Vaudeville, who has lately wooed the goddess Fortune in vain, has at last been smiled upon by the fickle lady, for *Sophia*, written by Robert Buchanan, and founded on Fielding's "Tom Jones," is an unequivocal success. Miss Kate Rorke is a charming *Sophia*, and Mr. Charles Glenney a manly Tom Jones in the early part of the play; but when misfortune overtakes him he is rather a despairing, tearful mortal. Mr. T. Thorne, in Partridge, has a character that suits him "down to the ground." He is admirable in it. Miss Sophie Larkin evidently revels in being Miss Western, and Mr. Fred Thorne is a good, hearty "call a spade a spade" Squire Western. Miss Rose Leclercq looks and acts Lady Ballaston to the life, and Miss Lottie Venne is a saucy Honour. Mr. G. Farquhar, as the worthy Mr. Allworthy, Mr. Royce Carleton as the despicable Bliffl, and Mr. H. Akhurst, as Square, all act well; and last, but not least—no, not by a very long way—Miss Helen Forsyth acts splendidly as Molly Seagrim. The Eminent cannot understand how that wretched Bliffl could repulse the loving advances of such a pretty creature.

Mr. WILSON BARRETT has hied him back to the classical. I am sorry for this. His is the house for modern-dress melodrama—at least, that's my opinion—but I shall go and see *Olto*, of course, and probably tell you what I think of it next week. Here's success to you, Mr. Barrett, and to you also, ever-charming Miss Eastlake, and the Eminent wishes you both a happy and prosperous ending to your coming tour in America.

THE news that Mr. Vanderbilt has given orders to a British naval architect for designs for a new steam yacht, which is to cost 300,000 dol., has made a little flutter in yachting circles. It is just thirty-three years since the father of the present millionaire came over from New York in a magnificent pleasure vessel named the *North Star*. The *North Star* took about eleven days on the voyage, but was said to be fast enough to do eighteen knots an hour in fair weather. This speed, attained

with paddles, in the days before the application of the compound engine, was marvellous; and it may safely be predicted that the new vessel will not attain it with the screw propeller. At any rate, there are few, if any, British-built vessels, save Transatlantic liners and torpedo-catchers, which can register more than eighteen knots an hour under full steam.

The workmen of Her Majesty's Dockyards feel acutely the charge of idleness with which they are saddled by Admiral Graham's Committee, and ask the public to judge between that statement and Mr. Warren's, late Chief Constructor at Chatham, wherein he says:—"I have found them zealous and attentive in the performance of their duty, and the results obtained—viz., the large turn-out of work in a given time—is the best possible evidence that all officers and men have pulled together and rendered Chatham Dockyard second to no other establishment, public or private, both as to the time and the cost of production." It is an undisputed fact in connection with the shipwrights of Government Dockyards, that on any and every occasion when they have been placed in equal numbers to work on one side of a ship, against hired shipwrights temporarily engaged from merchant yards on the other, the former have always excelled in superiority of workmanship. In fact, the increased cost of building and repairing performed in Her Majesty's dockyards, in comparison to that done in private yards, is due to the extensive alterations allowed in the former, great reluctance being displayed by the officials at the Admiralty in sanctioning any alterations in contracts, in consequence of the excessive charges invariably entailed by broken contracts.

McGOOSELEY read, the other day, of a party securing a snake of 33 feet in length, in the Sherbro River, on the West Coast of Africa. While upon the verandah of a house, which fronted the river, he observed a strange object floating down with the tide, in the form of an arch some six feet high. So strange a phenomenon excited his curiosity, and hurriedly launching a boat, he proceeded with four Kroomen in pursuit. When coming up to it this arch proved to be the centre part of a huge snake—the head and tail being beneath the water. They made a rope fast to one side of it, and endeavoured to tow it ashore; but as fast as they drew it a few feet, it receded. They found that this was accounted for by a large alligator having hold of the other end of the snake. They, however, ultimately landed the creature, and, measuring it with a five foot gauging rod, it turned out to be 33 feet long, and about five inches in diameter in the thickest part. It was perfectly fresh, and could only have been in the water a very short time, having died, apparently, from indigestion, as about 15 feet from its head there was a great protuberance, which, upon being opened, proved to be caused by a large native dog. Then McGooseley went home and dreamt of pink crocodiles!

The illusory nature of the limit of fifty millions fixed by Mr. Gladstone for the expropriation of the Irish landlords is admitted by all Parties in the House. The belief was generally expressed the other night, even by the supporters of the Measure, that the great body of the Irish landlords would be anxious on the establishment of an Irish Parliament to exercise the option permitted them by the Bill, and that Parliament will be bound to provide funds up to the full amount of the estimate originally laid before the Cabinet. And look here, you know, even as it is the Sloper Staff can't pay their taxes.

Mr. BELTON, in his "Reminiscences," says, "No actor yet was ever hanged. What other profession, trade, or even creed can say this?" But Mr. Belton must have overlooked or forgotten the case of Mathew Coppinger, the witty author and actor, who, after enacting the character of a highwayman on the stage, took to the road in real earnest, and in due course was hanged at Tyburn. Mat was a public favourite in his day, and a stave of an old ballad tells us that

"Mat did not go dead, like a sluggard in bed,
But boldly in his shoes died of a noose
That he found under Tyburn tree."

Mat's exploit has just found a female imitator on the other side of the Atlantic, as one of a gang of burglars recently arrested was discovered to be a chorus girl dressed in male attire. But this is a prosaic age, and, as hanging for felony has gone out of fashion, the exploit of the chorus singer is not likely to be handed down to posterity in a ballad.

Quits a Sloperian proceeding occurred a short time since in the Duke of Norfolk's park. It appears that a deer died there, and arrangements were made for carting the body away. When the staff deputed for the work, however, arrived on the spot, it was found that someone had had the impudence to cut off the head, with its splendid antlers, and walk off with it.

Is Greece going to fight, and, if so, is she going to get a licking? If Lord Byron could come to life again, he might be of some service to the country he loved. Macaulay tells us how, "sick of inaction, degraded in his own eyes by his private vices and by his literary failures; pining for untired excitement and honourable distinction—he carried his exhausted body and his wounded spirits to the Grecian Camp. The hand of death was upon him—he knew it. Anxiety, exertion, exposure, and those fatal stimulants which had become indispensable to him, soon stretched him on a sick bed, in a strange land, amidst strange faces, without one human being that he loved near him."

TOOTIE is afraid that it isn't every visitor to Monte Carlo who is so fortunate as Constance Gilchrist. That little lady was there recently, and had the good luck to win some £5,000 at the tables. Mrs. Bernard Beere had no reason to regret the play she lately indulged in at the same place, but she was nothing like so lucky as Connie.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 15th.

9th May, 1885.—The last piece of masonry of Tothill Fields Prison was this day removed. This building was said to have been one of the finest specimens of brickwork in the Metropolis. It stood on the site of an older prison, of which the witty author of the *Town Spy*, published in 1725, quaintly remarks: "In the fields of this parish stands a famous factory for hemp, which is wrought with greater industry than ordinary, because the manufacturers enjoy the fruits of their own labour, a number of English gentlemen having here a restraint put upon their liberties." "Tothill Fields," says Mr. Archer, in his "Vestiges of Old London," "were, within three centuries, part of a marshy tract of land lying between Millbank and Westminster Abbey, and on which stood a few scattered buildings, some of them the residences of noble personages." They witnessed some extraordinary scenes in the Middle Ages. Here necromancers were punished by the destruction of their instruments, for we read that in the reign of Edward III., a man was taken "practising with a dead man's head, and brought to the bar at the King's Bench, where, after abjuration of his art, his trinkets were taken from him, carried to Tothill, and burned before his face." Tothill Fields was also in the 17th century a celebrated duelling-ground, the last "affair of honour" fought there, took place in 1711, when a Sir Cholmley Dering was killed by a Mr. Richard Thornhill—the fools fighting with pistols so near that the muzzles touched each other!

10th May, 1851.—The following advertisement, which appeared in the *Times* of this date, illustrates some of the advantages offered to foreigners visiting the Great Exhibition of that year:—"Aux étrangers! Pompes funèbres sur le système de la Compagnie Générale des Inhumations et Pompes Funèbres à Paris. Shillibear's, City Road, near Finsbury, où l'on parle français. Catholic fittings from Paris. Gents' funerals from 10 guineas; tra-cem-n and artisans, 8, 6, and 4."

10th May, 1766.—Ellin Kilis, of Beaumaris, in Anglesea, aged 72, was this day brought to bed. She had been married 46 years, and her eldest son was 45 years old. She had not had a child for 25 years before. In the *New York Tribune*, we read that "On the 2nd August (1859), at Johnson, Trumbull county, Ohio, Mrs. Timothy Bradley was delivered of eight children—three boys and five girls. They are all living, and are healthy, but quite small. Mr. B.'s family is increasing fast. He was married six years ago to Miss Mowery, who weighed 273 pounds on the day of their marriage. She has given birth to two pair of twins, and now eight more, making twelve children in six years. It seems strange, but nevertheless it is true, Mrs. B. was a twin of her mother and father both being twins, and her grandmother the mother of five pair of twins."

11th May 1810.—James de Molai, grand master, and fifty-four Knights of the Temple, were this day publicly burned at Paris, under the decree of an anti-hierosopical council. They were condemned on confessions of Islamism and Paganism, extorted by the rack, and afterwards retracted.

11th May, 1885.—At to-day's sale of the O-terley Park Library, Le Fevre's "Recueil of the Histories of Troye," the first book printed in English, gave rise to a spirited contest. Caxton states in the prologue to the third book that it was during the progress of this work that he learned printing. The book was put in at £200 by Mr. Quaritch, and by bids of £10 and £20 run up to £1,820 and fell to Mr. Quaritch for that sum. Shortly after the auctioneer, Mr. Hodge, informed the purchaser that in 1756 the same copy was sold for £8 8s. adding, "I wouldn't tell you before it was yours, Mr. Quaritch, in case you would not bid."

15th May, 1844.—In the journal of T. Baikes, Esq., of this date, written in Paris, we read that "On an eminence between the Faubourg St. Martin and the Faubourg du Temple is Montfaucon, formerly the place of execution, where criminals were hung in chains on immense gibbets. In those days, fifty or sixty victims might be seen at one time exposed to public view, dangling in the air, which they infested with their putrid exhalations. This place, in place of time, is become the great common sewer of Paris, and the slaughter-house of diseased and superannuated horses. The rats found an abundant nourishment at Montfaucon, and multiplied there to such an extent that their number was supposed to be incalculable, and their voracity was extreme. If the slaughtering-houses were to be removed from Montfaucon, and they were thus deprived of their usual support, they might, it was thought, form an invading army, like one of the plagues of Egypt, to attack other parts of the city."

12th May, 1791.—Francis Grose, the author of the "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue," a complete collection of British vulgarisms and Billingsgate, used by gamblers, ostlers, servants, fishermen, &c., which, though not very creditable to him, is yet quite a curiosity, died this day.

13th May, 1885.—Early this day a boat, the *William and Mary*, was capsized on Whitton Sand, in the Humber, and it was supposed that the master, Mr. Snowden, and his wife and three children, were drowned. The steam-tug *Hecla* was towing down the next day, when one of the Whitton lightship crew asked her to stop and assist with a boat which was bottom upwards, as he believed that some one was still alive in the cabin. The master of the *Hecla* immediately set to work, and occasionally they heard a woman's voice exclaiming, "Oh! be quick." The boat was towed ashore and a hole made in her quarter, and about 7.30 the woman was rescued. The water had risen as high as her mouth. It appears that her three children had been hanging to her hair. Two of them had evidently held on until they became exhausted, and then had let go and perished. After the hole had been cut into the quarter, a man got into the cabin and handed Mrs. Snowden and a living child out. Two dead children were found in the cabin, and the body of her husband entangled in the rigging. Mrs. Snowden had been confined in her horrible situation for seventeen hours and a half.

14th May, 1652.—Commodore Young this day fell in with a Dutch convoy, and demanded that, according to an act of King John (A.D. 1200), they should strike their flag to the British flag. This being refused, a severe action ensued, which ended in the Dutch flag being struck, after which they were permitted to proceed.

14th May, 1660.—The *Mercurius Politicus* of this date says:—"Information was given to the Council of State that several of His Majesty's goods were kept at a fruiterer's warehouse near the 'Three Cranes' in Thames Street, for the use of Mistress Elizabeth Cromwell, wife to Oliver Cromwell, sometime called Protector; and the Council ordered that persons be appointed to view them, when seventeen cartloads of rich house stuff was taken from thence and brought to Whitehall, from whence they were stolen." The "Three Cranes" was formerly a favourite London sign. The "Three Cranes" in Thames Street was a famous tavern; it was one of the taverns frequented by the wits in Ben Jonson's time. In his play of *Bartholomew Fair*, Act I, Scene I, he says:—"A plague of these pretenders to wit! your 'Three Cranes,' 'Mitre,' and 'Maiden' men! Not a corn of true salt, not a grain of right mustard amongst them all!"

15th May, 1833.—Edmund Kean, the tragedian, died this day. It appears that the total sum which he received for acting from 1814 was £177,000, yet he died poor. Never did brighter or more erratic star glitter in the theatrical hemispheres than Edmund Kean. Born under circumstances the most discouraging, educated—if such bringing up could be called education—by fits and starts, it is almost to be wondered at that his mind was ever awakened to that susceptibility to the writings of Shakespeare which proved the turning-point in his history, and gave to the English stage the greatest actor of the century. His grave is near the western portal of old Richmond Church, near the tablet-stone which bears the player's medallion portrait and inscription, which states that at the time of the great actor's decease he was "aged 46."

15th May, 1847.—Daniel O'Connell, the Irish agitator, died this day at Genoa, on his way to Rome. His heart was sent forward, and his body carried back to Ireland.

ST. CECILIA SOCIETY.



Tambour Major.

LOVELY Woman stoops to folly!
So says Man, who's melancholy;
But her folly's more delightful
Than his wit—the tyrant frightful,
Who for elegance ne'er careth
Nor a dress-improver weareth,
But a chimney-pot most hideous
Sporteth on his head prodigious.
Sweet it is to watch each antic
Of the sex much more romantic,
Who have doomed the male creation
To disdainful condemnation;
Woman wiser grown and stronger
Than of yore, now cares no longer
For pianos—how we've missed 'em—
Purchased on the three years' system!
Harps she laughs at. Hey-diddle!
She can play upon the fiddle—
Number one, her fiddle's reckoned,
While her husband has the second—
Fifes and flutes she blows on finely;

Kettle drums she whacks divinely;
You may safely lay a wager
There's no better tambour-major
In the army than that maiden
Regimentals gay arrayed in.
Disregarding threads and thimbles
For the clashing of the cymbals;
Setting trumpets all a-braying,
Every now and then hooraying—
Making music more than human,
Is the joy of lovely Woman.

PLEASANT DUELLING.

JEALOUS Frenchmen have a great penchant for fighting duels over love matters; but two affectionate brothers, sons of Gaul, lately hit upon a novel mode of settling a dispute concerning a certain fair damsel. After calm deliberation, they agreed that the lady should belong to the man who could drink most rum at a sitting. They then sat down in an amiable way, opposite each other, and drank rum pleasantly till one rolled under the table. The victor, elated and elevated, having strolled into the garden to cool his heated brow, indulged in a fit, and died with great promptitude. The vanquished brother, on recovering, found, to his great astonishment, the field open to him; so, taking time by the forelock, he proposed to the lady, and was accepted. Doubtless he will make an excellent husband.

QUITE A NOVELTY.

—£5:5:0—

and "THE SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" will be given to the first couple who get married through the introduction afforded them by "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY." Address, giving date of marriage, etc.—

Mrs TOOTSIE SLOPER,
"Eymon's Department,"
"The Sloperies,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

Advertisements, as under, will be inserted in this column free of charge, provided the Sender's Name and Address is enclosed with the Advertisement, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Address—TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY,"

"The Sloperies,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

YOUNG LADY, 20, with private income, loving disposition, domesticated, educated, and accomplished, wishes to correspond with a gentleman. Must be tall, dark, good-looking, of a prepossessing appearance. In strictest confidence. Address—"GWENIE," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN, of good family and position, medium height, fair complexion, very popular with ladies has large interest in well-known shipping firm, town and country residences, desires to correspond with affectionate and attractive young lady, under 25, with view to matrimony. Address, enclosing photo, to "CUPID," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

WILL ANY GENTLEMAN take pity on a poor old maid? She is tall and of good appearance, very amiable and domesticated, well educated, and very loving; aged 57. Would prefer some one between the ages of 40 and 50. Address—L. W. "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY, 21, tall, fair, and, about her looks—well! (she has always been taught that it is bad taste to sound one's own trumpet), fired with ambition to win Miss Tootsie Sloper's Matrimonial Prize, is desirous to correspond with an individual of the opposite sex. He must be tall, also older than herself; good looks not imperative, but, on the other hand, would not be objected to. Address, enclosing photo—"A DAUGHTER OF FATHER THAMES," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A GENTLEMAN, 23 years of age, wishes to correspond with a young lady, with a view to matrimony. The gentleman is tall, dark, and generally considered handsome—musical, of a lovable disposition, and feels he would make a good husband. Money no object, as he has plenty for both. The young lady must be domesticated, and a cheerful companion. Please enclose photo. Address—"BARRISTER," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY, aged 20, medium height, brown hair, hazel eyes, considered very pretty, with a good figure, would like to correspond with a gentleman about 30, with a view to matrimony. He must be rather tall, and have a comfortable income. The young lady is domesticated, cheerful, and musical and has a good private income. No letters will be answered unless photos are sent. Address—M. B., "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY, aged 21, tall, dark hair and eyes, very nice-looking, of moderate means, wishes to correspond with a gentleman with a view to matrimony. Must not be over 30 years of age. Address—"NANCY," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, good looking, and with a large fortune, wishes to correspond with a good-looking young lady. An actress preferred. Please enclose photo, showing face and figure, to—"T. H.," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

"* In consequence of the enormous number of letters received, we are unable to publish those selected as soon as we could desire, but the Editor wishes to assure his Correspondents that all letters of importance and interest, and of moderate length, will be sure to find a place ultimately in his Letter-Box, and he therefore invites correspondence on all subjects.

3 FREDERICK STREET, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, April 19th, 1886.
DEAR COUSIN,—Hail, benefactor of the human race! I have been awakened to a sense of duty, and beg to recall the ties of blood that exist between us, trusting that in acknowledging the relationship you will award me the much coveted certificate. Throw your memory back a few thousand years to the time of the Indo-European migration. It is a genealogical fact, that has been transmitted from generation to generation, that the chief of the great Cimbric branch bore the name of Styunt-Sloper, which is understood to be, in the Japhetic idiom, "Son of the White Spirit." A younger brother took the former half of the name, and, marching into Wales, set led there, forming the family from which I am descended. The elder and brother chief, adopting the latter part of the name, settled by choice at Sholyn, now modernised to Shoe Lane. With regard to the authenticity of your claim, may I impress upon you the truth that you and your ancestors have ever preserved the inviolable sanctity of the "white spirit." When the Romans marched into England, a marriage took place between a Sloper and a French princess. Amongst the foreign retinue was a certain Duc de Snuc, now altered (by family reasons) to Snook. This is imperatively true, as the Duc borrowed 1s. 1½d. from Bill Higgins' ancestor, sword bearer and rib-tickler in chief at the Court, for the purpose of investing in a box of Cockle's antibilious pills. I believe the identical box is still preserved in the British Museum. The Hon. Billy and Lord Bob were later innovations. But, whilst contemplating these interesting historical events, we must deplore the fact that our family records, beginning before the Noachian Deluge, were destroyed by order of the Caliph Omar when he captured Alexandria (named after Alexandry's great, great uncle, you know). I enclose a photograph of our early ancestor, taken on the spot by the London Stereoscopic Co.; you may print it, if you like—more at reasonable prices. Please ask Tootsie if she has a few orders for the "Friv." gallery to spare? Love to the old Geeser and gentle Bill. Is it true that McGooseley has got ten days, and Moses away for his health? Am writing to McNab, asking him to give a lecture on Esoteric Anthropological Hygienic Sanitation.
I remain, your truthful cousin, CHAS. R. STENNER.

ADDINGTON ROAD, READING, April 21st, 1886.
WORTHY AND ESTEEMED MR. SLOPER,—I do not think the public are yet in possession of a biography of your Eminent self, and I venture to suggest, in the interests of science, history, and art, that you should satisfy the natural cravings of an admiring public to know more of one who has contributed such wide-spread amusement and entertaining literature to the world.

You, I doubt not, had a commencement of some sort or another, whether you evolved from a jelly-fish or originated in a mollusc, and the narration of your antecedents, birth, and general history, would indeed be a valuable addition to the existing biographies of eminent men.

Would not a full and minute account of the gradual (if gradual) development of that blood-red proboscis of yours interest the universe, as well as a description of the manner (honest or otherwise) in which you became possessed of that inimitable, though scarcely decent, head dress?

The public are well aware that you are a devout worshipper of Bacchus, but we are not aware when and how you made that god's acquaintance, nor how many times you have donned the blue ribbon to sever your Bacchanalian connection, only, alas! to fall into his arms again. An account of interesting facts of this nature would render you even more popular than you are at present, if that were possible.

It is pretty generally supposed in this part of the country, that you first saw the light in an "alley"—hence your name—but I believe this to be a lie (ally)! Only a contradiction from your pen will dispel such a damaging illusion. I therefore earnestly solicit, for your own welfare and interest, as well as that of the public, a "Life of ALLY SLOPER," before the death of the same occurs—as I am sure you must be getting antiquated now.—With love to The Family, I remain, devotedly yours,
E. P. S.

YORK, April 23rd, 1886.
DEAR SLOPER,—In reading your "HALF-HOLIDAY" weekly, I am very delighted in the way people speak, and always in respects of your daughter Tootsie. Now, dear ALLY, I am a young man that people call gay, but you and I are about one match, so I think if you only knew me and my ways, you would think I were a very modest, and also a very quiet young man. So now, SLOPER, leaving it for you to consider, I hope you will give my everlasting respects to your daughter Tootsie; and should I meet her and know her, I should be very happy to introduce myself to her lovely features, for, I must say, I admire them, and I soon hope to meet her, as I am travelling by "The Sloperies" very often. So I must conclude, leaving me to remain yours truly, a constant reader of your "HALF-HOLIDAY,"
HENRY GREEN,
3rd Hussars, York.

F.O.S.

The Eminent has this day conferred his

AWARD OF MERIT

Upon the following Exhibitors at the Royal Academy, the Qualifications being stated beneath each name, together with the numbers of the Pictures in the Catalogue:—

- | | |
|---|--|
| VICAT COLE, R.A.,
Because he painted "Great Marlow on Thames." (1052) | W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.,
Because he painted "Marriage de Convenience—After!" (136) |
| HON. JOHN COLLIER,
Because he painted "Maenads." (757) | JOHN R. REID,
Because he painted "The Shipwreck." (566) |
| LUKE FIELDS, A.,
Because he painted "The Flower Girl." (61) | SOLOMON J. SOLOMON,
Because he painted "Oussandra." (734) |
| ANDREW C. GOW, A.,
Because he painted "Cromwell at Dunbar." (412) | MARCUS STONE, A.,
Because he painted a "Peacemaker." (149) |
| E. BURNES JONES, A.,
Because he painted "The Depths of the Sea." (314) | R. CATON WOODVILLE,
Because he painted "In Vain." (273) |
| W. LOGSDAIL,
Because he painted "A Venetian at Fresco." (1047) | J. W. WATERHOUSE, A.,
Because he painted "The Magic Circle." (450) |

"THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C.
May 8th, 1886.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

It's the way with Mites—There is not one of them that does not think himself the entire cheese.

When betting-men say they'll take you, take care it is not in.

PAWN-BROKERS and drunkards are always taking pledges; the former sometimes keep them.

Give a dookey thistles if you want to coax him, but give your sweetheart hay (a), because it will make her he-a-r.

The Ready-money System—Dun, or be done.

Good musicians execute their music, the bad ones murder it.

A MAN may be ashamed of the fashion of his nose, although he follows it.

ALL marriages begin with a Union, and some end in one, too.

FOUR FLIRTS.

THEIR CARDS, AND HOW THEY PLAYED THEM.
(Commenced in No. 54.)

KNAVES OR KINGS?—(Continued).

SHE rises with a shriek, and a colourless face.
"Doughts! Is it—can it be you?" she cries.
She nearly falls, for the shock and joyful surprise drive all the



Obsequies at the feet of the Queen of Diamonds.

blood to her heart and seem to stop its beating. But a strong arm is round her waist, and yielding without a struggle, the Queen of Diamonds, the Foundress of the new Order, sinks into the manly arms so ready to clasp her, and hides her face, now suffused with rosy blushes on the shoulder of the man she loves.

They are both so intent on the enjoyment of their new-found happiness, that they are neither conscious they are no longer alone. Rosalind Grahame, leaning on the arm of Fred Brandon, whose good looks more than warrant the praises bestowed on them by the Queen of Hearts, steals up gently, and, with her face all smiles and blusher, whispers to two other couples, who press in behind her.

The face that Sibyl turns to her friends is so bright with love, so full of pride in her lover that they hardly know it.

"We are all false to our vows," she says, "and must pardon each other; but in the meantime," and she looks coquettishly at the bronzed and bearded men who stand before her, "meanwhile, I shall be glad to learn who these gentlemen are that favour me with their presence at Haughton Towers." Then, turning to Rosie, she whispers, "I suppose, dear, they are not all yours. May I ask which is the favoured knight?"

"Knights!" cries Rosie, "I have no knight; this is my Knave. Come, girls, present your Knaves to Her Majesty."

And the men, entering into the spirit of the thing, advance and do obeisance at the feet of the Queen of Diamonds, who smiles most graciously on her new subjects, and bids them heartily welcome to Haughton Towers.

"But though we are agreed," she adds, with a quick glance at the happy faces of the group before her, "that no arrival could have been more opportune than this, still, I think I am speaking for the other ladies as much as for myself when I confess to a burning curiosity to know how it happens that you should all come together."

"Report! report!" cries Rosie. "Where is my Knave? Come here, sir; explain yourself."

Fred Brandon pulls his forelock, sailor-fashion. "Just arrived from Bombay, ma'am."

"Bombay!" cries Rosalind contemptuously; "what took you to Bombay?"

"I thought I wasn't appreciated in England," he says, with a sly glance at his fair questioner; "so I went to shoot tigers."

"You—you—shoot tigers!" cries Rosalind, clapping her hands;

"I didn't think it was in you."

Then Arthur Desmond steps forward with a military salute.

"Just returned from Afghanistan, your Majesty."

"The poor fellow's wounded," cries Estelle.

Then Walter Lomax comes forward. "Rescued from a barren rock in mid-ocean, ma'am."

"But even that does not explain how we all arrived together," says Douglas Haughton; "and yet it was amazingly simple: we all met on board the same P. and O. steamer, and chummed together coming home."

"Yes, you know," says Arthur Desmond, "fellows always strike up hot friendships on board those steamers, though they often end in quarrelling before they reach England."

"We used to play whist every night," says Walter, "so didn't have too much of each other's talk."

"Still," says Douglas, "I think our friendship arose very much from the circumstance that we were all, to a certain extent, companions in misfortune. When smoking our cigars, and pacing the deck, we naturally fell to talking of the friends we should see in England, and then we found that we had each a very dear somebody from whom cruel Fate had separated us. Wasn't that so, Fred?"

and he turns to Mr. Brandon.

"I believe it was," replies he. "We opened our hearts to one another, and a common sorrow made our friendship the stronger."

"Of course," resumes Douglas, "our first act on getting ashore at Southampton was to telegraph each one to the lady of his heart; and one after the other received the reply in the course of the afternoon:—'Away from home; staying at Haughton Towers.'"

"I, who telegraphed to you here, received no answer at all. How was that, Sibyl?"

"I refuse all letters and telegrams," says Sibyl.

The explanations are not too long protracted, for each Knave has so particular an account to give of himself to his Queen that the conversation very shortly ceases to be general, and resembles four separate and distinct cooling duets, which continue without intermission until the close of day—the dull, drear, dismal day that commenced so gloomily, whose waning light now calls forth exclamations of surprise at the rapid flight of time.

Gathered about the Round Table, with the bright lights burning and the ruddy hearth glowing, the four ladies meet their four knights at the altar so recently dedicated to the total renunciation



"When smoking our cigars and pacing the deck."

of the male sex. Then and there the sisterhood, after a short and not particularly merry life of five days, is for ever disbanded.

And after all, they were not four Knaves, but four Kings, and they took the four Queens!

THE END.



"Give us your slipper, old boy!"

A BELL-IGRENT YOUNG LADY.
Doesn't she let her husband have it every night!

Young Fussletop is awfully frightened; he is alone with a fair masquer, and she has actually looked at him!

"And oh! if ever one of the opposite sex of unusual plumpness were to ask me to whirl, to spring, to fling, and (what else was it? Yes, of course) circle with her—I believe the sexes invite each other indiscriminately—why, I should swoon!"
[She did, and he swooned—but in her arms!]

BRUTALITY.

Wife of his bussum. Was that the kiss of dooty or the kiss of affection, Mr. Bodger? Mr. Bodger. I decline to answer that question.

SLOPER'S SPRING TOUR.—SLOPER ON THE ALPS AND UP VESUVIUS.

A. SLOPER, at enormous expense, has been sent abroad as the "HALF-HOLIDAY'S" Special Correspondent. Let's hope he is not at this present moment flirting with one of the pretty young ladies at "The Sloper Arms," up the Alley opposite. The sketch below shows a little bit of what he has been going through. "Eh? Really now! Joking apart! Office Boy, just run over and see."



2. "Signor, il batonne, Signor!" Don't be afraid. Only it's funny, too, they can't sell you a stick or a pennyworth of sugarplums in that country without seeming to be asking you for your money or your life!



1. SLOPER at the Crater's Mouth. "Swear to be mine, or I'll jump in with you!"



3. It is not every one, who is not a pig who likes to be pulled along by a string in that way. And then, you know, such long steps too!



5. The famous Mother of Fifteen Orphans. Only two of them at work to-day—that one wrong end up and the other she's carrying.



6. Are there other Thieves besides S—n, then?



7. Lachryma Christi. No, no, don't you try it!



A NICE YOUTH.

He either backed the winner of the Chester Cup, or "welshed" the "backers!"



TIT FOR TAT.

First Artist (to Second ditto). Got your Academy pictures back all right, old fellow? Second ditto. Yes, thanks, old boy. Let's know next time, will you? We can send together and share ex's.